

July 31, 2013

The Honorable Carol Bagley Amon
Chief United States District Judge
Eastern District of New York

Dear Judge Amon,

I am Quazi Mohammed Rezwanul Ahsan Nafis. I am extremely sorry for what I have tried to do is a terrible thing. The only thing that comforts me now, is nobody was hurt because of my stupidity.

I do not believe in the Radical version of Islam anymore. I hate it from the bottom of my heart. It is purely evil and inhumane. It is not Islam at all. I will always regret for my support for it which partly lead me to a crazy act. My remorse for my actions will never cease until my departure from this earth.

Please accept from me the following not only as vivid explanation for my present feeling of remorse for my actions but as a clear acceptance of responsibility and understanding for the crime I am being sentenced for committing, as well as a plea for leniency and forgiveness from Your Honor.

My actions are inexcusable and cowardly. After giving a deep thought I truly hate my actions and know that I will never pursue such behavior again that is not only un-Islamic but also destroyed my family and my life. On top of that I am hanging my head low because of the irony of my life story and how I end up in this situation

At a very young age I was a serious stammerer and my serious stammering problem has been going on for years. [REDACTED] I had no real friends. I did not have good relation with my parents. I have grown up as a loner. I have spend my whole life trying to be someone. But I could not be anyone but a total disappointment to myself and my family. I was like nothing but a lost project for my parents. All their efforts on me turned out to be fruitless. My life was totally void of any success.

For being a very simple guy I fall for people very easily. At my university in Bangladesh I did not have any real friends. So, when the radical students, who were influential and famous, were being nice to me I fell for them very easily. Being with them and listening to them I was becoming religious but never realized that I was being misguided slowly but surely with the wrong teachings of Islam.

In search of success in my life I came to USA to be able to stand own my own feet not being a burden of my family anymore. I hoped to earn money to support my living cost

and educational expenses in USA. I never managed to achieve either of the courses rather I was causing my parents spend more money on me. In order to save money I transferred poor grades from the university at Bangladesh to South east Missouri State University which resulted in my suspension from the university. I came to Albany, New York for finding a job where my uncle lives at but was not successful finding one. But could not stay over there long because of my aunt's disapproval. Then I came to Jamaica, Queens at Sonia's place who is my distant relative. I found some jobs but could not continue any of those. I started to feel like someone who was physically and mentally disable to be successful. It is just like I could not cope up with the fast competitive world. I was falling into deep depression.

Furthermore, one day I had a very heated argument with the father of Sonia and he slandered me with the worst words for my simple mistake. After that living at her place started to become impossible for me. Again, there was a girl in Bangladesh I used to care about and with who I was seeing my future with. I found out that she was cheating on me. ~~The~~ I lost the last comfort from my heart when I got to know about that. I felt like the whole sky fell down over my head. I thought that there was no place for me in this earth neither was there anything for me to give a reason to stay alive.

I could not kill myself which is forbidden in Islam. I lost the ability to think straight, I went crazy. And that way I justified my killing myself with a jihadist act. After a while I met the informant and undercover agents and expressed my desire. I went on with my crazy plan. I wanted to go to Bangladesh before my committing jihadist act to see whether I find some hope from my family for living in this earth. But the agent told me that he was going cut me off. I was really hurt and then I said to myself that if I had hope in Bangladesh I would never even come to America. So, I stayed in America and did whatever I thought was required to be done the leave the earth as early as possible.

After being arrested I had a lot of time study about Islam. I read the whole Quran which I did not read before being in prison. The more I read the more I realized I was blindly following those radical people and the lecturer I was listening to. I did not find a single verse to support my actions in the Noble Quran. Everyday passes by I thank Allah that I never met any real guy. If the agents had not found me I do not know what would have happened. I thank America from saving me from utter self-destruction.

I started talking to the agents same day I got arrested and went to a proffer meeting within a few days. From the very first day the agents were nice with me which was almost unbelievable to me. I was sharing jokes with them. I remember I told them that my favorite movie was "American Pie." During the proffer meetings they used to treat me like a younger brother. I remember one time I was feeling really cold. One of the agents gave me his own jacket to wear so that I do not feel cold. They used to ask me what kind of food I wanted to have for lunch. After the food was brought we all used to have food like a family. I was thinking again and again that I was being told by the radicals that America hate Muslims but

how nicely I was being treated even though they know I was the one tried to blow up Federal Reserve Bank!

I remember one other time I told them I wanted to have halal chicken. After a while an agent informed me that there was no halal chicken that day and asked me if I wanted halal lamb. I was surprised by the honesty and respect he showed towards me. I feel like America follows more rules of Islam more than that of Muslim countries.

My experience at MDC has helped me a lot to change my complete view towards America. When I was at the SHU, it was some of the worst days in my life. Even though in those hard days I found all kinds of help I needed from the SHU lieutenant. She was very kind to me and was sincere advisor. In general population I have been able to communicate with the Americans. At the beginning it was hard to get used to the environment but gradually when inmates here found out my real nature they became friendly with me. The thing I like about MDC is that everybody is being treated fairly and equally. I remember during the Christmas eve MDC provided us "Holiday Package." I was happy and surprised to get that package. Thinking even I, who went against America got the package; they were wishing us "Happy Holidays" while giving the package. After going back to my cell with the package I was sad and felt really sorry for my action. I was asking myself that the America that believes in equality and justice, why I had to go against this nation.

At MDC we, Muslims, can pray congregation prayers. Everybody is very respectful towards religion such as counselors, COs, unit manager, inmates. In this month of fasting COs wake us up around 3:30 AM. Again, MDC provides us with special food for starting and breaking out fast. Furthermore, at MDC I am being provided with such delicious food and different kinds of fruits such as turkey, beef stew, peach, I have never had before.

America has provided me with a free and good lawyer, Heidi C. Cesare. Another sign that I find America to treat people fairly and equally. My lawyer Heidi, is not only a good lawyer but also a good person. During my stay at the SHU, she used to visit me very often. They was the only medium of communication for me with my family when I was at the SHU. She has tried to understand me very much. She behaves with me like she is my aunt.

The MDC is the first place I have been able to discuss radical Islam with people who are not radical. After studying Quran and talking to some knowledgeable Muslims here I am totally convinced at how wrong I was in my actions. In Islam there is no place for it. If I had not been afflicted with the misfortunes of my life I would never have ended up doing such jihadist action because I never really believed in radical Islam from my heart. None of my family members support it. Now I have realized how much radicals misinterpret Islam. It is not America who is the enemy of Islam but it is the radicals who are the enemies of Islam and the Muslims.

In prison I remember the days I forgot about the good days I had in America that I had totally forgotten while I completely lost hope of living and started supporting radical Islam. I forgot about my life at Cape Girardeau in Missouri. Cape Girardeau is a very beautiful place. People over there are the nicest and the friendliest people on earth to me. I remember one day I along with another Bangladeshi guy was looking for an ATT store. On the way we met an old couple who told us that we had been heading toward wrong direction. We realized that we were very far away from our destination. The old couple offered us to give a ride. They not only took us to the store but also waited until we were done with our business over there and gave us a ride home. They were treating us like we had been their own grandsons.

There was another lady at a pet store, right across to the street where I used to live. She was really nice and kind to me and very respectful toward my religion. She told me that she would help me find a job at the SEMU. Furthermore, I remember another veteran in my physics class who used to give me a ride to my apartment almost everyday after the class had been finished. He gave me a calculator worth of \$100, when he got to know that I did not have one. He was like a friend of mine.

Alas! I miss those days badly. I wish I never got suspended from SEMU. I am such an ill-fated person I have no words to explain to lady at the pet store and the veteran, who used to care about me, how sorry I am for my actions. Woe to me! I will never get back to the love I had from them.

Truly after being in prison, my viewpoint towards America has really changed. I want to say to Your Honor, I love Americans. I wish I had been little bit patient with myself to change my fortune and judge all the Americans with my own judgement not other people's judgment. Now when I look back I hate myself. I cannot imagine what I was going to do. I was totally out of my mind. I am really lucky that the agents got me and saved me from utter self destruction giving me a chance to find a new meaning in my life and did not let me to fall into wrong hands.

In prison I have full right to practice my religion. I am learning Islam, the right Islam here. I have become more religious after being here at MDC. I am memorizing chapters of the Noble Quran. I keep myself busy at MDC by praying, reading books, watching TV, socializing.

Your Honor, I am the only son of my parents. My sister is already married. My father is 63 and my mother is 52 years of age. I have very good communication with my family. My parents love me very much. I never realized how much I love my parents neither and I realize how much they love me before getting arrested. I have found a hope for living again in this earth because of the love my parents have showed me even though I broke their

hearts committing this terrible crime. They have given me new meaning of life filled with love and peace. It feels to me like I have been raised from the dead because I was totally dead inside. I wanted to die more than anything in this world. Now I feel alive again inside my heart. Now I want to live more than anything in this world, specially for my parents because they are everything in my life, without them I am nothing.

I have no idea how much disappointment I am to my parents, still my parents love me. My father has lost his job because of me. My parents are living of their savings and sending me money from that savings too. Almighty God only knows how long they are going to be able to do it. There is none to take care of my old parents. Your Honor, I need to go to them as early as possible. They are the greatest gift from Almighty God to me. I live everyday on the hope that I will be able to go back to them one day before their departure from this earth. Please, do not let me lose that hope of living anymore. I request you to forgive me and give me another chance.

Your Honor, I have made a grave mistake. Please have mercy on me. Please consider my life situation before you sentence me. I am a simple, calm and quite person who has ended up doing one of the most violent crimes in the history of human civilization. Your Honor, I sincerely request you to forgive me for my grave crime. I apologize to You and through you to all the people of the whole America especially those who work at and around the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Your Honor, please give me hope of living again. I beg You to have mercy on me. Forgive me, please.

Most humbly yours,

Nafis
7.1.13

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